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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Griselidis.

A TALE.

ON the borders of Piedmont, in Lombardy, is a noble domain, called Saluces, the possessors of which have always borne the title of Marquis. The bravest and most powerful of all these noblemen was one named Gautier: he was tall and handsome, and endowed with the choicest gifts of nature; but he had one fault,—he loved too well the liberty of a single life, and never could bear to think of marriage. His barons and vassals were much grieved at it, and met to confer amongst themselves on the subject; and, after deliberating, they sent deputies, in their names, to address him in the following manner:—

"OUR sovereign lord, and sole master, the love we bear you, has inspired us with the boldness thus to address you.—You have always made us happy, and we think ourselves fortunate to live under such a master: but consider, beloved lord, the years pass quickly away, never to return; and although you are now in the prime of life, old age and death, from which none are exempt, daily approach. Your faithful vassals, who will never disobey you, now request, that you will permit them to find a lady, who, from high birth, beauty and virtue, shall be worthy to become your wife. Grant, Sire, this favor to your faithful subjects; that, should any misfortune happen to your noble person, we may not, in addition to our grief, be left without a master."

To this address, Gautier, much affected, replied—

"MY friends, it is true I had rather enjoy my present liberty, which I must lose by marrying, if I may believe those who have tried it. Another inconvenience attending the marriage state is, that the children we have so earnestly wished for, we sometimes doubt being our own. Notwithstanding this, I promise you to take a wife; and hope, with the goodness of God, that he will grant me one with whom I shall live happy. But first, I wish you to promise me one thing,—That whoever I shall make choice of, be she of high or low degree, you will respect and honour her as your lady; and that none of you will afterwards presume to blame my choice, or murmur at it."

The barons and vassals promised faithfully to observe the commands of the Marquis, and thanked him for having yielded to their request. He then fixed the day of his nuptials, which diffused an universal joy through all his domain.

At a little distance from the Castle was a small village, inhabited only by labourers, which the Marquis often passed thro' when he went a hunting. Among the inhabitants was a poor old man, whose name was Janicola, bending under the infirmities of age, and who could scarcely walk. The blessing of Heaven is often shed upon the humble cottage!—This old man was a proof of it; for he had an only daughter, called Griselidis, the beauty of whose mind surpassed, if possible, that of her person, and who sweetly soothed and sustained his old age. In the day time she kept a few sheep which he had; and in the evening, when she brought them back to the fold, she supported him upon his humble bed. Indeed, there was no care or tenderness which a daughter owes a father that the virtuous Griselidis did not bestow upon her's.

The Marquis de Saluces had been for some time informed, by common report, of the virtue and respectable conduct of this amiable girl. He had often, when he went a hunting, stopped to look at her; and, in his heart, had determined, if ever he chose a wife, it should be Griselidis.

At length the day fixed for the wedding arrived, and the palace was filled with knights, ladies, and people of all ranks; but it was in vain that they asked each other who was the intended bride: none of them could tell. The Marquis set out from the Castle, attended by all the company, as if he was going to meet her; and when he arrived at the cottage of poor old Janicola, he said to him—

"Janicola, I know you have always loved me, and to-day I expect that you will prove it, by giving me your daughter in marriage."

The poor old man, astonished at this proposal, humbly replied—

"Sire, you are my sovereign lord and master, and your will is mine."

The Marquis then addressing the daughter (who stood by her father, much confused at this unexpected guest), said—

"Griselidis, your father has given his consent, and I hope to have your's also, to be my bride. But you must first answer me one question in his presence,—I wish to have a wife who will be submissive to me in every thing, who has no will but mine, and, whatever may be my caprices or commands, be always ready to obey them. If you become mine, do you consent to observe these conditions?"

Griselidis replied—"My lord, as such is your will, never will I do or wish for ought but what you please to command; and should you order me to be put to death, I promise you to suffer without a murmur.

"It is sufficient," said the Marquis, and at the same time took her hand, and, leading her out of the cottage, presented her to his barons and subjects; saying——"My friends, behold my wife—behold your lady,—whom I beg of you to love and respect, as you do myself."

After he had said these words, she was conducted to the palace, where her attendants dressed her in the most splendid manner, and with all the nuptial ornaments.—She blushed and trembled, which is not at all surprising; for any one who had only seen her at the village, and the moment after, so adorned, must have been astonished.

The marriage was celebrated that day, the Castle re-echoed with all sorts of musical instruments, and the sound of mirth and joy, for his subjects appeared to partake of the delight of their master.

Until then Griselidis had been esteemed for her excellent conduct, and from that time, sweet, affable, and obliging, she made herself as much beloved; and all who knew her, either before or after her exaltation, thought she merited her good fortune.

Some time after she became pregnant, and was delivered of a daughter, that promised to be o ne day as beautiful as her mother. Though the Marquis and his subjects would rather have had a son and heir, there were great rejoicings every where. The child was nursed at the palace by the mother, and when she was weaned, Gautier, who, tho' he admired the virtues of his wife, and loved her every day more and more, had been for some time determined upon his project to prove her obedience, came, one day, into her apartment with the air of a man much disturbed at something, and said to her——

"Griselidis, without doubt you have not forgotten what was your situation before I raised you to the rank of my wife: for my own part, I had nearly lost the remembrance of it, of which the many proofs I have given you of my tender friendship must convince you; but of late, and particularly since you were brought to bed, my vassals have murmurred highly, at being destined to become, at a future time, subjects to the grand-daughter of Janicola; and it being my interest to preserve their attachment, I find myself obliged to make them this cruel sacrifice, which will cost my heart so dear. I was not, however, willing to resolve upon it, without first informing you; and I am now come to ask your consent, and exhort you to shew that obedience you promised before you became my wife."

"Dear Sire," humbly replied Griselidis, without letting appear on her countenance the smallest sign of grief, "you are my sovereign lord and husband: my daughter and myself are wholly at your disposal; and whatever you may please to command, I never will forget the obedience and submission I owe, and have solemnly vowed to you."

So much moderation and sweetness astonished the Marquis, who retired apparently much afflicted, but in his heart full of love and admiration of his wife. When he was alone, he called an old servant, who had been long attached to him, and, explaining his design, sent him to the Marchioness, to whom he said—

"Madam, deign to pardon the melancholy commission I am charged with. My lord and master demands your daughter."

At these words, Griselidis, calling to mind the discourse of the Marquis just before, believed that he had sent for his daughter to have her put to death. She, however, dissembled her grief, and repressed her tears; and, without making the least complaint, or even breathing a sigh, took the child from its cradle, and looked at it with the tenderest affection for some moments; then, having made the sign of the cross on its forehead, and kissed it for the last time, she resigned it to the steward.

When this man returned to his master, and related the proof of courage and submission he had just witnessed, the Marquis could not cease admiring the virtues of his wife; and when he saw the tears of the little child which he held in his arms, his heart relented, and he was near giving up his cruel experiment; but his resolution returned, and he ordered his old servant to convey his daughter secredy to Bologne, and put her under the care of the Countess de Empeche, his sister, and request that she should be educated under her own eye, but to inform no person whatever, not even the Count, her husband, of the mystery. The steward punctually fulfilled his orders; and the Countess took charge of the child, and had her secretly brought up, as her brother requested.

After this separatien, the Marquis lived with his wife as before. He often watched her countenance, to try if he could read in her eyes any expression of grief and resentment, but in vain; for she invariably shewed the same love and respect, without the least appearance of melancholy, and never, either before him, or in his absence, once mentioned her daughter's name.

In this manner four years passed away, at the end of which time she had a son, which completed the happiness of the father, and delighted his vassals. She nursed him herself, as she had done the other; and when this darling child was two years old, the Marquis was determined to make another trial of the patience of Griselidis. He went to her, saying the same as he did about his daughter. Oh! what must have been the sufferings of this incomparable woman, at that moment, when, calling to mind that she had already lost her daughter, she saw they were going to murder her son, her last hope, and the only child she supposed she had left!

Where is there, I will not say a tender mother, but compassionate stranger, who would not have shed tears at such a sentence?—Queens!—princesses!—ladies!—women of all ranks!—attend to her reply, and profit by her example.

"Dear Sire, I formerly vowed, and now solemnly repeat that vow, never to disobey you. When on entering this palace I quitted my humble dress, I resigned at the same time my will to your's for ever; and could I possibly divine your wishes, you would always find them anticipated. Inform me only of your commands: if to prepare for death, I willingly consent; for I should prefer that to the misfortune of offending you!"

Gautier was more and more astonished. One who had known less of Griselides might have supposed such firmness of mind proceeded only from insensibility; but he, who had so often witnessed, when she nursed her children, the excess of her tenderness for them, knew that the resolution could only proceed from the great love she bore him.

He sent, as before, his faithful steward for the child, and had h im carried to Bologne, and brought up with his little sister.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN examining your second volume of the Repository, I find several writers both for and against *Billiard Tables*, and I was sorry to find the subject was dropped before it was clearly proved that to play at *Billiards*

was gambling. You will permit me, Sir, through the medium of your useful paper, to make a few observations, and state a few *facts*.

A writer some time ago, under the signature of Ten Love, denies, point blank, that to play at Billiards is gambling*. Now, Sir, I will, in a short and brief manner, prove the falsehood of his assertion. It is well understood, that the loser of the game pays 6 cents for the use of the table; those that generally visit the tables commence about candle-light, and quit about 11 o'clock, so that in the course of the evening, there is at least 30 games played; and if any of the players do not play what is termed "a good fist," he may count upon losing, before he quits, about 16 games, which is one dollar; besides the drink that is usually bet in the course of the evening. Again, generally each evening they play what is called *Pool*, that is, each one stakes 12 cents, and of course there is but one that can take the pool. Perhaps they play about five or six pools; so that of course there must be some loosers. Now, Sir, if that is not to be called gambling, I must confess that I am ignorant of the meaning of the word. I shall state you a fact within my own knowledge, which ought to satisfy any impartial person on the impropriety of Billiard Tables.—An acquaintance of mine (at one time as honest a youth as could be found any where) was invited to a Billiard Table. Those who are acquainted with the game must acknowledge, that it is of such an enticing nature, that if a person gets once to understand it, he can't well leave it off: so it was with him. He had such conceit of his abilities in playing the game, that he would bet any money, which at last terminated in his ruin. In order to become a *monied youth*, he purloined his master's property, and by that means he was turned adrift from relations, friends and acquaintances, and all owing to the fatal effects of Billiards.

I shall conclude; and hope what little I have said on the subject of Billiards, will be considered in an impartial view. I am one of those that have visited them; and the quarrels, envy and confusions arising from Billiards, which I have witnessed, has quite disgusted me. It would be well if the law prohibiting Billiard Tables, was carried into effect.

CANDOUR.

* Vol II. page 141.

A small quantity of wax, applied to the part stung by a bee, &c. immediately allays the pain.

THE

VOCABULARY OF LOVE.

Absence.—How dear is my absence from you going to cost me! How tedious will the hours seem!

This signifies precisely, "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would be soon exhausted. I should have nothing new to say to you: when I see you again, you will like me the better."

Advances.—When these are made on the woman's side, they either suppose an excessive superiority, or an excessive love. A woman who has made advances, never remembers them without rage, unless she has reason to remember them with pleasure.

Afflict, Affliction.—By these words is commonly understood the effect upon our mind of some disagreeable object. It is only in the mouth or letters of a lover that they have little or no meaning.

Agitation.—Emotion: sentiments excited by the sight or conversation of a person one loves.—There are amorous, anxious, pleasing, timid agitations, which have all their different expressions, by looks, sighs, blushes, &c. but few are more significant than that of the fan managed properly.

Amiable.—Lovely: formerly denoted a person whose beauty and merit captivated all hearts. It is now in very common use, and applied, indifferently, to all whom we take for the objects of our fancy, vanity, or fulsome flattery.

Beau.—A common word to express a medly character of coxcomb and fop; one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding; as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the air of pedantry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

No fool can do any thing well.

None but a fool will make dress the business of his life.

A fool therefore can never dress well.

And this is so strictly true in fact, that there never was, nor probably ever will be, a beau well dressed.

This advantage can only be attained by the man of sense, far above either the weakness of making a point of his dress, or that of neglecting, or even not consulting the proprieties of it to his age, character, fortune, or station.

Beauty.—Socrates called it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of Nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts of Nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definitions of a modern author, who calls it,—"a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish."

Charms.—An harmonious word rather hackneyed; indifferently lavished: and signifies no more than attractions. Some define it bills, bonds, parchments, &c.

Coquette.—One who wants to engage the men, without engaging herself; whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable; though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing, of live coals, without receiving any damage from the fire: but, whatever may be their pretended insensibility, they have their critical moments as well as others.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTES.

A Frenchman having heard the word press made use of, to imply, persuade, "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to night," thought he would shew his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "pray squeeze that lady to sing."

—

A German Officer, who served under Suwarrow, in Poland, mentions the following singular anecdote.

"The evening preceding the decisive attack on Ismael, Suwarrow said, "Early to-morrow morning, I shall rise an hour before day-break, dress and wash myself, say my prayers, and then I shall crow like a cock: at hearing which, storm the place, according to the disposition made for that purpose." And he did rise an hour before day-break, dressed and washed himself, prayed, and crowed like a cock—and the soldiers, according to order, attacked and took the fort by storm."

—

There is actually a female in Bethlehem, who insists upon it, that Bonaparte is her brother; that he is an Irishman, and his real name is *Bony-Patrick!*

THE WALK OF AL RASCHID,

THE ARABIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Translated by Benjamin Thompson, jun. esq. author of the Stranger.

AT the court of the Caliph Musa Al Hadi, lived an old man, by name Al Raschid, on whom the petty courtiers exercised their wit, whom the ladies disliked, and who, during 76 years, had been 14 times banished from the presence of his sovereign, because some unpleasant truth was for ever dropping from his lips. He laughed at banishment, for in the garden of nature he always found the best company; and the court fourteen times recalled him, because it was perceived he could be happy at a distance from the court. During one of the periods of his banishment, as he was tracing the path of wisdom in retirement, he was lucky enough to gain a knowledge in the language of animals. From that moment, his favorite amusement was in listening to them, and he found that they often talked more rationally than the great men who surrounded the Caliph's throne. He one day observed upon the leaves of a bush, a colony of those insects called Ephemera; to whom the Creator has affixed the end of their existence almost close to the hour of their birth,—for they are born and die in the same day. Al Raschid attentively approached a small groupe of them, and perceived they were engaged in a violent dispute; but as they were all talking together, it was long before he could discover the subject of their controversy. At length, when the most vociferous among them had bawled till they were tired, he found that their conversation turned upon two foreign virtuosos, who were just arrived. These were a *humble bee* and a *gnat*, upon whose pre-eminence the opinions of the ephemera were much divided. One side maintained that the humble bee sung the finest bass which had ever been heard throughout the empire of insects, while the other defended the fascinating treble of the gnat.

"Happy race!" exclaimed Al Raschid, "who, in spite of the few hours allotted to your existence, can thus amuse yourselves with the bass of a bee, and the treble of a gnat." With a smile, he turned his ear to one of the oldest ephemera, who sat alone upon a leaf, and uttered the following soliloquy—"The most celebrated philosophers of our nation, who lived many hours before me, have asserted, that this world cannot last longer than eighteen hours, and methinks they were right. For, when I consider how much that great globe of fire, from which all nature gains existence, has, even during my time, declined towards the sea, which surrounds this earth, I cannot but suppose that it will there end its career, and its torch be extinguished in the waves. The earth must then be lost in total darkness, which must naturally produce universal annihilation. Of these eighteen hours, I have lived seven,—four hundred and twenty minutes!—A great age!—How few among us reach this period!—I have seen whole generations rise, flourish and decay. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of those whom I knew in my youth. They are gone long before me, and, alas! but too soon shall I follow them. I must own—God be thanked—I feel tolerably well in my old age; yet, according to the customary course of nature, I can, at the very utmost, only expect to live eight minutes more. What then avails all my industry? What avails it that with a thousand anxieties and cares, I have gathered a provision of sweet dew upon this leaf, which the approaching end of my existence will not allow me to enjoy? In vain have I so often risked my life in battle for our nation. In vain have I, far from the bustle of the world, endeavoured to form this colony by salutary precepts. 'Tis true, my friends flatter me that I shall leave a great name behind me; but, what avails this, if, at the end of eighteen hours, the sun shall be extinguished, and the world dissolve into eternal nothingness? Oh! if I could but expect a durable fame of thirty or forty hours"——

Al Raschid smiled; and immediately started at having smiled; for hours and years—are they not the same at last?

REMARKS ON BREATHING.

(From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia.")

BREATHING is that alternate contraction and expansion of the lungs and breast, by which animals inspire and expire the surrounding atmosphere; a process essentially necessary to the support of life. From the moment a child enters the world, the air penetrates into its lungs, which were previously filled with a watery mucus, but are then opened for the circulation of the blood. Thus respiration, one of the primary and most important of the vital functions, commences with birth, and is incessantly active; as it cannot be interrupted for many minutes, without endangering the life of the individual.

There have, indeed, been instances of persons wantonly endeavouring to restrain the act of breathing, nay, even to check the pulsation of the arteries, so as to exhibit a specimen of apparent death, for several minutes. We still remember the account of such a hazardous experiment, related by a most respectable professor in the University of Edinburgh, who informed his pupils, that a man possessing the talent here alluded to, at length paid the price of his life, by remaining, in one of his exhibitions, a fatal example of his temerity.

More frequent, however, though not so immediately dangerous, are the instances in which persons, in other respects sensible, unthinkingly expose themselves to situations where they must necessarily breathe the most vitiated and pernicious atmosphere. Such is the case in all public assemblies, which are confined in narrow limits, particularly in theatres, and other places of amusement, to which numbers of spectators indiscriminately resort, and where each individual is obliged to respire part of the aggregate mephitic vapours of the company. We think it our duty to warn such invalids as are liable to asthmatic or pulmonary complaints against a too free indulgence in these enticing amusements. Indeed, we are covinced, by numerous facts, of their deleterious influence; and if any person be disposed to doubt the propriety of this caution, let him reflect on the dreadful effects frequently produced by shutting up five or six passengers in a close stage-coach, only during a short space of time; and he will acknowledge that our admonition is well founded. Hence we would advise those who lead a studious or sedentary life, never to continue for several hours together in a close, and perhaps low apartment, where they admit the same air to re-enter the lungs, which has before been respired, and has become, at length, totally unfit for supplying the vital principle. Thus they deprive themselves of the most beneficial cordial of life, namely, *fresh air*, and exhaust the source of vitality as much in one hour, as was, perhaps, destined by Nature for the support of weeks, or even months. Instead of following such an irrational practice, they ought either to remove to another atmosphere, or to open the window or door, to admit a supply of pure air, rather than to destroy themselves by an obstinate or indolent perseverance in their former habit.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only son, who repeatedly transgressed the rules enjoined in the sacred *Koran*, to be observed by all true believers: he neglected the customary ablutions, he gave no alms, and ate meat before the stars appeared during the holy feast of *Ramadan*,* ' when the gates of Paradise are open, and those of Hell are shut;' he intoxicated himself with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent *Allah*, the maker of the world.

His mother, rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him, but without effect. At last, with great difficulty she prevailed on him, when he committed a *bad* action, to drive a nail into the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a *good* action, to take one out. In a short time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the worst people *may* become the best. After a long time had elapsed, he began to refrain from his evil courses, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out; of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greatest composure, addressed him as follows:

"My son," said she, "you have, it is true, dutifully attended to my advice, and entered into the pleasant paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks where they *have been* still remain; so, likewise, the odium of your former misconduct will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed waters of Paradise, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of pollution, from which you have fortunately escaped."

NOTE.

* During the moon of Ramadan, the Mahomedans neither eat, drink, smoke, nor wash their mouths, nor even swallow their spittle, till the stars appear in the firmament.

The Mind is a garden where all manner of seeds are sown. *Prosperities* are fine painted tulips; *Innocency*, white lilies; the *Virtues*, sweet gilliflowers, roses, violets, and primroses; *Learning*, savoury herbs; *Affliction*, rue, wormwood, and rhubarb; *Pride*, *Ambition*, *Extortion*, nightshade and hellebore; *Stupidity*, poppy; *Sloth* and *Ignorance*, briers and thistles.

We cannot be quiet, or act, or rest, with dignity or grace, but in our own sphere.

MODESTY.

IN whatever situation man is placed by birth or fortune, modesty is a treasure which he ought to preserve with the greatest care: this virtue will protect him against a great many faults; it will even throw a veil over those into which he may fall. Modesty is a faithful companion, who will support him in his journey thro' paths always deceitful, and apt to mislead him from happiness. It is an Ægis, that will repel the shafts of envy; a precious varnish, that will give brilliancy and value to talents. It is the sign and principle of true courage, which it always directs to the public good. One of its most admirable effects, is, to force envy into silence, and render its efforts unavailing. Should a man of great merit be vain, he will have but feeble pretensions to the love and esteem of the public, who fear subjection under him: the modest man, with equal or perhaps less brilliant talents, is sure of uniting every suffrage. The former only obtains applause by snatching it, as it were; the latter receives it before it is asked.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTACHMENT IN A BRUTE.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours;—"Two persons were on a short journey, and, passing though a hollow, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked and pursued till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village called Chabellatiere, they ageed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they proposed selling the skin. Badger hair furnishes excellent scumbling brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress; and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprized at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before—when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village—nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation, by any means; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards burnt it, declaring it could be no other than a witch." [*Lon. Pap.*

Moral Essays.

NO. IV.

On the Duty of Children to Parents.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother, says the divine Command.—It is likewise remarkable that this commandment is the only one that has annexed in itself such great promises of temporal prosperity. The Almighty condescends to offer, as a farther inducement—*that thy days may be long upon the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee:* no doubt to imply his wish, that this should have a pre-eminence over the other duties of the second table in a particular manner; and certainly if it had not the awful sanction of divine authority—if no such commandment existed, natural affection and gratitude ought to chain us to the observance of it. Let us look back on our infancy, and reflect that, from the moment we first behold the light, the anxieties of a parent are innumerable—with what care and attention are all our wants and wishes, as far as they can be known, or guessed at, supplied and complied with?—our very existence (under God) depends on them—no task is thought too arduous—no toil too hard—winter's colds and summer's heats are alike disregarded, and all dangers totally forgotten by the parent, in the consideration, that he bears them for the sake of sustaining his beloved offspring; and how many instances have we of fathers and mothers exposing their lives, and even cheerfully sacrificing them, for the safety of their infants. Nor does their care end with nonage; while the current of youth flows impetuous in our veins, we are still watched with the most tender solicitude—if obliged to be dealt harshly with, the distress of the child is doubly felt by the parent, and I will venture to assert, that no temporal calamity can affect the heart so much as the misconduct or ingratitude of a favourite son or daughter.

Since, then, we have so many inducements to the observance of this behest, should we not anxiously enquire in what manner we are to honour our father and mother?—if we confine ourselves alone to the honouring them with our minds, and that this principle does not extend to our actions, we only fulfil the half of our duty:

therefore, we ought (as soon as we are enabled by strength of mind and body) to execute whatever part of their busines may fall within the compass of our abilities to transact, in a manner pleasing to them. But here, I would wish to address myself to each sex separately:—And first, you whose softer minds and tender dispositions, particularly qualify you for smoothing the rugged paths of life, and sweetening in the capacity of either child, wife, or mother, the many bitter vexations all conditions are subject to—will, by a thousand little attentions to the will, comfort, and pleasure of your parents, be able to render them and yourselves the most delightful satisfaction. The house is peculiarly your province, and to make the burthen of it, on your mother, as light as possible, ought to be your peculiar care:—do not think the sacrifice of your time too great—you were born for a more exalted rank in society than merely to flutter at a ball, or to be constantly reading the nonsensical effusions of a silly imagination, which most of our novels consist of.—You owe it as a duty to the country you live in, to consider yourselves of more importance: because though an individual, you are an individual who may do good. Besides, from whom will you be so affectionately instructed in the duties of a wife, as by her whose conjugal affection and happiness are so conspicuous? And from whose lips will you learn the more exalted duties and principles of religion, than from her's whose care must extend to your eternal happiness. Since we cannot but suppose that the one whose mind is so bent on your welfare in this life, will be much more careful to have it preserved in a future state. —As *your* wants and wishes were watched, do you do the same now with *hers*, and endeavour in every action to contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of those whose fostering hands have been the means of supporting you so far; and rely on it, that your filial piety will be rewarded, as you have it on the unquestionable authority of God—who is Truth itself. Nor will any parent, deserving the name of one, if they see you solicitous to please them, deny you either that recreation or exercise, which is indispensably necessary to the preservation of health and spirits, especially in youth.

(No. IV. to be concluded next week)

WOMEN are like metals: we may do with them what we please; but they must first be melted. ☞ And who, that knows their value, would take advantage of their natures to destroy them.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE SABBATH DAY.

"*REMEMBER the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy*. REMEMBER, take *particular* notice of *this* injunction. It is a duty greatly to be regarded, and most conscientiously to be observed. Upon the due observance of this, our disposition and ability to observe the other precepts, in good measure depends. *Keep it holy*; devote it to holy purposes; spend it in holy exercises; and not barely an hour or two; not barely the intervals of private and public devotion; but the *day*, the *Sabbath-day*, the WHOLE *day*. Neither will the whole day be too long, if we make conscience of discharging the several duties of religion,—reading and meditation; prayer and praise; teaching our children, and instructing our domestics; examining our hearts, and taking heed to our ways. All these offices, if properly performed, will leave very little, rather no time, for unnecessary elopements. And shall we huddle over all these important offices, or totally neglect some of them, only to indulge ourselves in the most unprofitable levities? At once doing an injury to our spiritual interests, and violating the divine precepts."

Fully convinced that my powers are inadequate to the end, which I wish established, I have appealed to contiguous merit. The preceding is copied from the writings of one eminently distinguished for his Theological disputations. In hopes that it may have some influence on the future conduct of many of our youth, I send it for publication in your useful Repository.

M. Y. B.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

REFLECTING, the other evening, on the various hypothesis and theories advanced by our modern philosophers; and being in a sort of suspense which to embrace, I happened to cast a casual glance at your Repository, where I observed something relative to electricity. I avidiously took up the paper, and perused the New Theory of Mr. Peale, communicated by Mr. H. of Bordentown.

——What! (exclaimed I,) a new theory, at last, reconcileable with the Sacred Volume!—This arrested all my attention at once—But how is this?—At the time of the deluge, "the days were but little more than hours, and the years but two or three weeks," &c. At this rate Noah must have been but a young man when he entered the ark; and Methuselah probably about 60 years old when he died; and yet we are told he was the oldest man. Ye occidental sages! how is this reconcileable with the Scriptures?—That the earth was attracted to, and repelled from the sun, at the time of the deluge, may not be doubted by Mr. Peale; but it will be doubted by thousands, and his certainty will never settle the point.

That our earth, previous to the flood, was a comet, and consequently, that the Antedeluvians were adapted, not only to all climates, but alternately to all orbits, is certainly a very unlikely story; it is incompatible with reason; it is absurd in the extreme; and it is very unlike the product of intense study, from the philosophic closet. Is it not as reasonable to coincide with St. Pierre's opinion of the cause of the deluge, (which is corroborated by hundreds of Egyptian and Chinese traditions,) namely, that the sun pursued his course from north to south in the direction of one of the meridians, and by melting the icy copulas which surround the poles, and extracting vapour from the earth; I say, is it not as reasonable to suppose, that these two causes concurring, produced an universal rain for the space of forty days, which would be sufficient to cover the earth with water?—But, says Mr. Peale, 150 days (which was the time the water prevailed upon the earth) would rot the plants; and therefore it is out of the course of nature.——Why out of the course of nature, more than the total darkness which covered the earth for three hours, at our Saviour's crucifixion, and which no astronomer can account for?—In like manner no botanist can account for the plants not being putrified during the period they were covered with water. These are subjects far beyond the sphere of human comprehension; and all attempts to investigate them must prove abortive.

"Man was not made to *question*, but ADORE."

W.

Solution to the Student's *Question, in page* 71.

PUT x = the hours that *A* rode, before he met *B*, then will $x-8$ = the hours that *B* rode; hence $3x+4x-32=130$, per question; and $x=\frac{162}{7}=23\frac{1}{7}$, which multiplied by 3, gives $69\frac{3}{7}$, the miles distant from Philadelphia where they met.

JOSEPH RAPP,

Germantown.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE lines handed you by Philophantes*, of which he requests a translation, are corrupted Earse; but the orthography is so badly executed, as to be almost unintelligible, even to a person well acquainted with that language. If the author is an Hebridian, he is certainly unable to write with any degree of accuracy in his native dialect. I have attempted a translation, which, if he thinks inaccurate, the proposer, and not the translator, is culpable.

This world I slander to my shame,
Nor strive my passions once to tame;
Sharp ills I feel, but all I find,
Spring from my own unmanly mind.

PHILO-OSSIAN.

* See page 62.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 26, 1803.

☞ MR. BLISSET's Benefit is announced for this evening: it is hoped his choice of entertainment will produce considerable attraction. The amusements for to-night have been repeatedly represented to crowded houses, with much satisfaction. As a man of real genius, and perfect comicality, he is certainly deserving of encouragement, —as a man, whose only support is derived from the Theatre, and whose application is entirely devoted to its studies, he is assuredly, upon this occasion, entitled to the utmost of our liberality. S.

Saturday, March 26, 1803.

IT is said, that Dr. Hart, the priest of the Dutch Jews, has signified to the Elders of that nation, that he will not dispense with the observance of any of the rites of the Jewish religion, and that he will punish with excommunication all such Jews as indulge their appetites with WILD FOWL; as also make such of them as are married, answerable, that THE HEADS of their wives shall be shaved, and kept so in future, under a similar punishment. He has also complimented his nation, in informing them, that they are the least strict in their religion of any in Europe, and to the mortification of all the Jewish ladies, they will be obliged to undergo this operation, previous to their appearing the next time at their synagogue. [*Lond. Pap.*

IT is a curious fact, in regard to the cure of the plague, that a French soldier being delirious under the infection, in Egypt, threw himself into the Nile; in which, without drowning, he remained full half an hour before he could be taken out; and that, in consequence of the immerssion, he soon recovered entirely from the disease.

CHARLESTON, MARCH 19.

It is with unfeigned sorrow we announce to the public the death of CHARLES JAMES AIR, Esq. of Christ Church Parish; the vile hand of an attrocious murderer has deprived our country of this valuable citizen. On Tuesday last his body was found in a ditch near the Georgetown road, about twenty miles from Haddrill's Point ferry: it was shockingly bruised, and several fatal wounds appeared, which had been given by the assassin who destroyed him. All the circumstances relating to this sad event, which we have yet obtained, are that Mr. Air left his dwelling about four weeks ago, on a journey to Raleigh, in North Carolina, where he was to receive a considerable sum of money; after accomplishing his business, he returned to Cheraw Hill in this state; there he left his servant with a friend, who was to follow him shortly to the city; he then proceeded on his way on horseback, and alone. On the night of the 4th inst. he slept at Mr. William Mathews, in St. James' parish; he left that the next morning after breakfast: some short time after, a young lad named Cleland, fell in with him on the road, and rode a few miles in his company; Mr. Cleland parted with him about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and three miles from the place of parting his body was found. The discovery was occasioned by some travellers having observed on the side of the road several papers and a great coat; they stopped to examine them, suspecting that a robbery had been committed. They mentioned their suspicions afterwards to a Mr. Jones, who keeps a public house about a mile from the spot; Mr. Jones and some others immediately repaired to the place; they there saw some blood, and the dry leaves bore marks of a body having been dragged over them; they followed this track, and about one hundred yards from the public road, found the body of Mr. Air in a ditch, in the horrid situation already described. The papers which his pocket-book had contained were strewed about the woods, but that and his watch were missing. From these articles being taken away, it is probable the murder was committed, the more easily to effect a robbery; but in this the murderer was unsuccessful, as the greater part of the money Mr. Air had, was in a private pocket, which was not discovered. Two pistols were found near the body, which were broken: it is presumed that neither of them were fired off, as the body bore no marks of having been shot: it is supposed they were used to strike with, and that they were broken by Mr. Air in the resistance he must have made to the ruffian. On the day that the body was found, the horse Mr. Air rode, was taken up about a mile from the spot where the murder was committed; he had been tied near the body, but urged by hunger, he had eaten off the sapling to which he had been fastened.

DRAMA AT PARIS.

Seventeen Theatres open their doors every evening for the entertainment of Paris, where the population does not exceed 628,000 souls. It may be calculated that the spectacles of the city occupy, on an average, the leisure of 20,000 individuals, or nearly one thirtieth part of the whole.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 17th inst. at Friends' Meeting, in Derby, Mr. *Jacob Smith*, to the amiable Miss *Ann Bartram*, daughter of Benjamin Bartram, of that place.

——— Same day, by the Rev. Dr. Blair, I. F. *Eckard*, merchant, lately of the island of St. Thomas, to Miss *Susanna Read*, daughter of James Read, esq. of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 15th ult. at Curracoa, *Timothy Abbott*, jun. aged 22 years, son of John Abbott, of Nottingham, New-Jersey.

——, on the 15th inst. after sustaining a tedious and painful illness with the resignation of a Christian, Mrs. *Elizabeth Smart*.

——, on the 20th inst. at his house on Chesnut-hill, *Alexander Mack*, aged 91 years. He was a native of Germany, and came to America in the year 1729. He was a member of the German Baptist Society at Germantown, amongst whom he has been an eminent Minister of the Gospel for upwards of 70 years.

——, at London, in January last, Mrs. *Levy*, a rich Jewish. Mrs. Levy was advanced in years, and formerly gave fashionable parties; but within the last seven years she became a valetudinarian, and during the latter part of her life, lived in such a recluse manner, that even the neighbours did not know her. Her retinue, was, however, still retained, and the same equipage kept up as in her days of splendor. The carriage regularly appeared every morning at the door, tho' it was seldom used. Altho' she was usually in town during the fashionable season, no one was admitted to see her; and summer was always passed at her villa in Richmond, in Surrey. Mrs. Levy died immensely rich—in her banker's hands, property was vested to the amount of 125,000l. No will has been found, nor is it known whether she has any relations to inherit the property. The funeral took place agreeably to the ritual of the Hebrew Church, in the church-yard of the synagogue. From 8 o'clock in the morning until the afternoon, Albemarle-street was crowded by all ranks of the sons and daughters of Levi, all anxious to learn how their kinswoman disposed of her MONIES.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

It was intended to have given Mr. *Shave-him's* remarks, received last week, in their original state; but as, by a subsequent note, Mr. S. wishes the Editor to correct the orthography, he declines publishing them, as the piece would thereby be entirely divested of humour, and other qualities it has none.

The extract Mr. *Shave him* has favoured the editor with this week, is about as applicable to the subject he wishes to treat of, as a quotation from Tom Thumb's Folio would be.

The editor would thank *J. W.* to furnish him with a fairer copy of the selection from *Dante*, as he is unacquainted with the Italian language.

A Letter, accompanied with a *poetical epistle from a young man to a lady, immediately after the decease of her brother*, shall be given as soon as possible.

The Advice, from *Leonides*,—and *Eulogium on Robert W. Morgan*, next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Communicated by ALEXIS.

IMPROMPTU

On reading an Epithalamium, *written by a Young Lady who had subscribed herself* LUCINDA.

THE sun of Genius on LUCINDA shines,
Glows in her *name*, and animates her lines.
For her the Muses all their skill unite;
Apollo smiles, and robes the Fair in light;
Presents his fav'rite with his silver lyre,
While dulcet sounds th' harmonious strings inspire.
Her hand soft strikes the chords—of pleasing notes
The varied melody, enchanting floats:
Round her, all (praising such her skill and grace)
Exclaim, "the God of Music fills the place!"

T.

TO CUPID.

HA! HA!—young Cupid, why so dull
Has disappointment made thee?—
Come, wipe thine eyes, with tears brimfull—
Thou must not so survey'd be.
Didst thou not know
I was love's foe,
And ever such shall prove;
All hopes destroy;
Indeed, dear Boy,
I must not, will not love.

Cheer up, cheer up, my sweet young friend,
Thy wonted mirth resume;
The arrow's broke, thou must it mend—
Here take thy fallen plume,
Blythe liberty's
A friend to me,
And hand in hand we move;
All hopes destroy;
Indeed, dear Boy,
I must not, will not love.

MARIA.

SELECTED.

THE WIDOW
TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

COME friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain,
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bow'r,
Since thou hast stood,
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
And when my husband died,
I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found Life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin, and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sult'ry fields,
When Earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower:
"Companion of the lonely hour
"I'll turn thee up again."

MR. HOGAN,

In reading the unfortunate case of Mr. *Bellamy*, in your last Repository, I was led to think that maxims laid down by fallible man, and adhered to in all cases, without exceptions, are frequently cruel; of which the case of Mr. Bellamy, affords a striking proof. I believe there is not an instance of one receiving a pardon for the crime of FORGERY since George III. ascended the throne! A *Clive's* and a *Hastings'* crimes are passed by unpunished; yet a poor man, destroyed by distresses in his family almost unparalleled, must die for a trivial offence—O shame!——As a further comment I have selected two pieces from Sir Richard Glynn's *Miscellanies*, which, if you think worthy of a place in the Repository, their insertion will much oblige. Sir,

A. L.

A PARALLEL
BETWEEN
RICHES AND POVERTY.

AN ancient bard had reason to complain,
That all mankind are ignorant and vain;
Nor in prosperity their pride repress,
Nor with calm dignity support distress:
To those below them with contempt behave,
To those above them act the downright slave.

Thus he who is in want of daily food,
Feels no bold courage animate his blood;
Nature to him no beauties can display,
He curses fate, and shuns the light of day.
The rich in public tell aloud their mind,
The poor in servile silence slink behind;
"Chill penury" each generous thought controuls,
And freezes all the ardour of their souls.
Nor should we rail at the corrupted times,—
'Tis Poverty which fills the world with crimes:
For very few begin to rob or steal
Till once they've fear'd the want of many a meal.
If halters only for the rich were made,
Ketch soon might starve, or seek a better trade;
His office merely keeps *poor* rogues in awe,
For great men's crimes are sanctified by law.
To what I say exceptions will be found,
But 'tis a common case the world around:
The great adopt a surer, safer course,
They neither break a shop nor steal a horse:
They seldom pick a purse, or forge a note,
Or point a pistol at a coachman's throat;
Yet all to vice are equally inclin'd,—
Their misdemeanors vary but in kind.
The poor dare only cheat,—the rich oppress;
The first must hide, the last avow success:
The blushing footpad plunders in the night—
The *noble* felon dares the noon-day light.
And sure, of mortals the most foolish thing,
Is for the most part what we call a *king*:
Vile sycophants devoted to his will,
Define his right to conquer and to kill;
And some poltroon, who, bred among the poor,
Had scarce dar'd thrust a vixen from the door,
Commits whole empires to the sword and flame,
Dreaming destruction dignifies a name;
But instant vengeance treads upon his heel,
And all his pride inflicted makes him feel.
Survey that class with an impartial eye—
How few have died as wise men wish to die!
Though fools may deem the day of vengeance past,
Guilt in repentance always end at last.

NOTHING NEW.

UNHAPPY is the man who sighs
For solid Friendship with the great;
Since every effort which he tries
Will prove his plan a bitter cheat.

By a long surfeit of success
The heart grows hard, the fancy light,
And all approaches of distress
Deranges the vision of delight.

In vain your eloquence would plead,
No words the sordid soul can alter;
'Tis better far to beg your bread,
Or make your exit in a halter.

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